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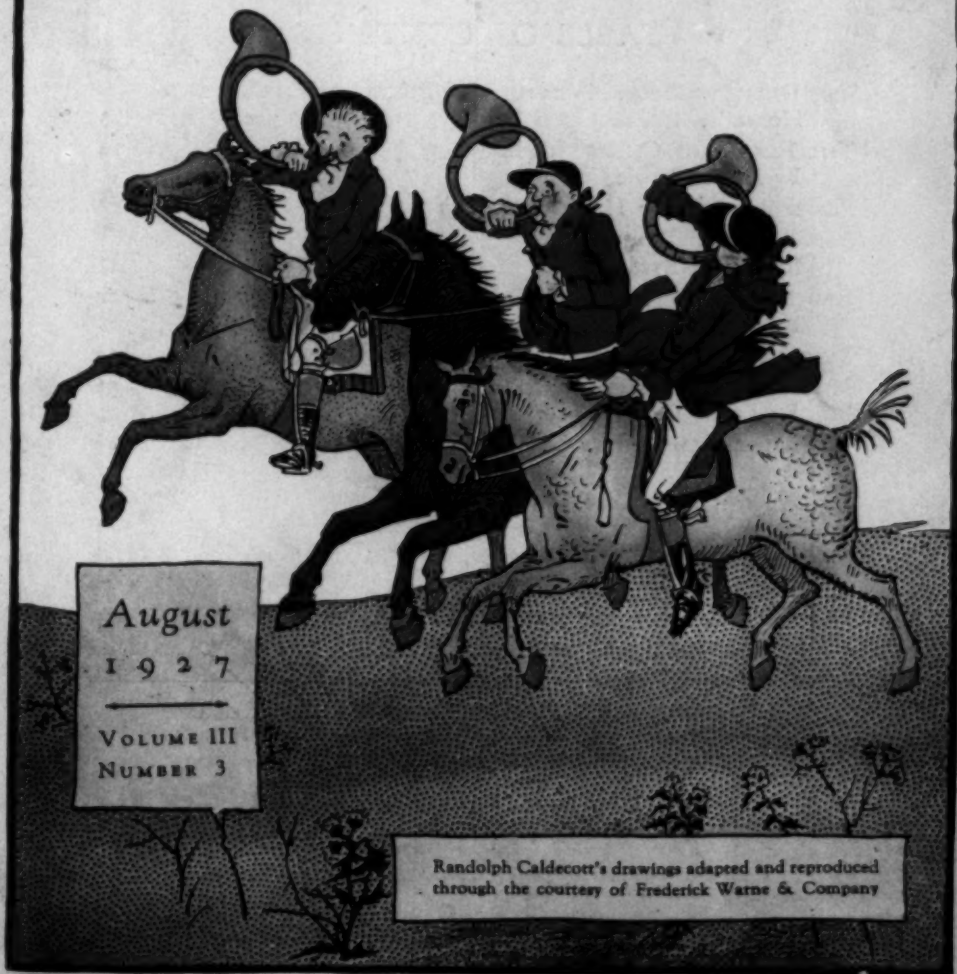

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Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume III AUGUST, 1927 *Number 3*

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THE WINGED HORSE

Long ago the Greeks told the story
of the winged horse Pegasus: How
Pegasus was caught and tamed by Pallas
Athenae, Goddess of Wisdom, and how
the hero Bellerophon came seeking him.

"If I had a horse with wings," said
Bellerophon, "I could kill the Chimaera,
the monster that de-
stroys men with her breath of fire."

Then Pallas gave Bellerophon a golden bridle
and showed him where Pegasus was drinking
at a magic well. When the winged horse
saw the bridle he came willingly to
Bellerophon and let the young man put
the bridle on him and ride him. Swinging
down from the air on Pegasus like an
arrow of lightning, Bellerophon smote
the monster and slew her.

This story the Greeks used when they
spoke of poets and poetry. For they
saw how great singers rose on wings of
imagination, leaving the world of
ordinary words and men, and striking
with lightning strokes of truth through
littleness and lies and evil. And
they made the winged horse the swift steed of
poets, the symbol of song.

From "The Winged Horse," by Joseph Auslander
and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday)

From "The Winged Horse," illustrated by Paul Honoré
(Doubleday)

THE DELICATE MAGIC MACHINERY OF POETRY

"The Winged Horse"

ON September 9 a great book will be published. This book is "The Winged Horse: The Story of Poetry and the Poets," by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. Mr. Auslander and Mr. Hill say they wrote the book because they wanted to do so, and that they had a good time doing it. You have only to read a few chapters to feel the truth of this. They also say that at the outset they planned the book for two particular children, but in the end they found themselves writing a book for all beginners in poetry. So much the better for children and for the world generally! It is a book a reading child will not outgrow and a book which many, many grown-ups will want to own.

Against vivid pictures of the times, the authors have told the story of poetry of the ancient world, when poetry was a necessary part of each day's life; of the mediæval and the Anglo-Saxon world to the present day, when alas! poetry is no longer considered necessary and is to many unknown. The book is so wonderfully written that one is moved emotionally by the sheer beauty of its style. Beside the book itself, a reviewer's words are drab and inexpressive.

What are words about "vivid pictures of the times" beside the real paragraphs picked anywhere. When Chaucer was

journeying in Northern Italy in 1373 as a young envoy of the King of England, with business in Pisa, Genoa, and Florence, "there was much the Italians could teach him."

"For Italy had begun to blossom with tall cathedrals, statues in bronze and marble, bright paintings, music, and ships of colored sails bound for Greece, Arabia, and India. And in its shops there were books, lettered by hand (for printing was yet to be invented in Europe), with initials and borders of red and blue and gold, and bearing names at which Geoffrey Chaucer must have looked with his eyes wide open, and sometimes his mouth, too."

Of poetry in Queen Elizabeth's time, after writing at length of Spenser, they speak of the many Elizabethan poets and say:

"Fortunately, most of these poets have a common spirit. They reflect the ever-growing exuberance of England. This had been rising since 'The Shepherd's Calendar' appeared. The defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 had given all England a new pride. Sea captains were bringing new riches stolen from Spanish galleons. Gallants of the court were tasting new delights like tobacco from America and spices and fineries from the Far East. Most other Elizabethan poets reflect this more than Spenser. These writers, too, carried on in a new way the work Spenser had begun of making the English language elastic and easy flowing for the uses of poetry. They had no great ideas to express. They sang of love, death, ambition, virtue—all very simply. Often they took the sentiments they expressed from Latin and Greek and Italian writers, changing them very little. Except in their sonnets, they hardly talked about themselves at all. But they explored, like adventurers, all the trickeries and surprises of words, all the fine ways of saying things already known. And they did this with a delight and capering grace that make us go to them still to renew ourselves in their abounding life."

Always, too, the authors carry along in their story the technical part—the form, meter, and verse. They have also contrived to give to each chapter an atmosphere which befits the poet and his setting, and this is achieved each time in a different way, so there is no monotony, but always fresh delight. In the chapter on Horace we wander along the Via Sacra and look upon the people and doings of his Rome with the poet's eyes. Lively verse we find he wrote, too. We visit the Church of Sainte Claire in the French Avignon of six hundred years ago, early in the morning on the sixth of April. There our

attention is struck with a young Italian just passed twenty who kneels near us. It is Petrarch, and we see him at the moment he first beholds the Lady Laura. When we leave the church we pass a bit of silver to the Verger and learn much more about the young man and the lovely Laura.

The chapters on Horace and Virgil, Petrarch, Shelley and Keats we read aloud in a high pasture by the sea on a July afternoon, and proved the book's quality shared in this way. The reader of "The Winged Horse" will find that his poetry shelves need some refilling, for he will go from every chapter to a wider reading of the poets themselves. Since we cannot buttonhole each and every one of our Horn Book readers and talk to them about "The Winged Horse," we have done the next best thing—printed a section of one of the chapters.

It was hard to choose the portion for reprinting and our selection was in the end a very personal one—the thought of what the book would have meant to a girl of fifteen some years ago, on the afternoon of the first day of her second year of high school. On that particular day the girl was trying to make a beginning in her new year's Latin, and she was stuck fast in the opening lines of the "Æneid." The page looked so different from any of the pages of Cæsar's "Gallic Wars." She knew it was poetry, of course, but who Virgil was or what the "Æneid" or why one read it, she knew not. What wonderful light and increased interest would have been cast upon the whole year's study if "The Winged Horse" had been available to her! Well, it comes as a gift to the youth of today. B. E. M.

VIRGIL

From "The Winged Horse," by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill, see preceding pages, to be published in September

IN the year 1930 the good citizens of Mantua will declare a holiday to all the world. There will be pride and music among the Mantuans. If you will stop any man, woman, child, or dog in the streets of that ancient Italian city, on the fifteenth day of October in that year, and ask, "Why this bustle and wagging of tails?" you will very likely be greeted with a smile, compounded of pity, pride, and contempt. And it will serve you right. For not to know that this is the celebration of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of the greatest of Mantuans, Publius Vergilius Maro, will be like not knowing who chopped down a certain cherry tree, or who was born in a certain house in the town of Stratford-on-Avon.

Some say that before Virgil was born, seventy years before Christ, his mother Magia dreamed a marvelous dream of her son's greatness. That may be only a legend. So may be the tale that a poplar tree sprang up at once miraculously on the spot of his birth. But if these stories are incredible, so is Virgil. Something quite as wonderful as dreams and poplar trees ought to have happened in connection with his birth.

Mantua is in northern Italy, then Cis-Alpine Gaul, and about Virgil's birthplace many Gauls still live. Some scholars think Virgil was partly Gaul himself, and thus related by blood to modern peoples like the French and Irish. His father was supposed to have started life as a servant; if this was so, he gradually made his way up in life until he was at last a gentleman farmer. Like Horace's father, he wanted a good education for his son and took him to school at Cremona, not far away. The great Julius Cæsar was governor of Nearer and Farther Gaul (France) then, and was busy fighting in the far north of his provinces. Cremona was his great recruiting station. Virgil may have seen Cæsar there, coming down into Italy between campaigns—at any rate, he always admired him in later years as men often do their boyhood heroes. He may have seen the legions gathering and marching off under their eagle standards

to battle in Belgium, and that new foggy island of Britain. Perhaps the whole story Cæsar told later in his *Gallic Wars* came to the boy Virgil at Cremona in news and dispatches and the sight of soldiers going and returning.

When Virgil was fifteen, he put on the toga, more to a Roman boy than first long trousers, and left for Milan to finish what we would call his "prep" school work. How long he stayed in Milan, we are not sure; but very likely he went to Rome as early as 53 B.C., learning pompous orations under the tutor who instructed Octavius and Mark Antony. What Virgil thought of the stuff, we can see from his farewell to rhetoric:

> Out on ye, paint pots of the school, whose prose
> Periods reek, though not of Attic rose!
> Ye silly tinkling cymbals whose dull breath
> Drivels the poor young fellows to their death!

But like Horace, Virgil was possibly drawn from his studies into battle. The struggle, then at its height, was between Cæsar and Pompey. Certainly, his pitiful pictures of the dead on the battlefields of Pharsalia could well have been made by one who had fought under the triumphant standards of Cæsar. It is possible also that he saw rather stormy service on the Adriatic Sea with Mark Antony. There are signs that some detested bully of an officer made his camp life, none too pleasant at best, quite unendurable for the poet who was never blessed with vigorous health. And the winter of 49 B.C., severe enough to

leave even Cæsar shaken, may well have shattered Virgil. At any rate, if he served for a time, he returned soon to his books. From the outset, his heart could but little rejoice in the struggle which was making brother fight brother and draining Italy of her best blood.

After his withdrawal from the war, some contend, Virgil made a single and unsuccessful appearance as lawyer before the Roman court of law. This is of considerable interest when we reflect that the orators in his great poem, the Æneid, are all fluent but dreary fellows. We hear of him in Rome, a tall, dark, gaunt man, suffering much in his stomach, throat, and head, sometimes spitting blood; in food and drink most cautious —even at the abundant board of his patron Mæcenas, to whom, with such happy results, he had presented his friend Horace. Like Horace, he, too, seems to have lost his lands in the wars, but the poems he had now begun to write made him known and honored, and other lands were given to him, so that he had enough money to live comfortably. Some scholars detect in one of Horace's satires a reference to Virgil as he might have been just then—a person with a rural haircut and an ungraceful toga, and untied shoelaces. However, it is equally possible that Horace had himself in mind. It was just the sort of thing he liked to do—caricaturing his whimsies and his hayseed looks and his flapping coat.

We can picture the two poets on a now famous journey they took with Mæcenas, going to Brundisium. There are Horace with his black eyewash (a lotion for his weak eyes) and Virgil with his black headache, both of them snoring while Mæcenas and his company hopped about after the tennis balls. And there was a voyage to Athens which Horace celebrated in another poem. But the two followed their separate ways. Both had a passion for philosophy and a passion for the country in common, but each took his solitude and often his social life in his own fashion.

The first poems Virgil wrote were about the earth and the farmers and the shepherds and the simple things of their life. These poems he called Eclogues. They took the outward form of the pastorals of Theocritus and the other Greek poets of the

Alexandrian school. In them Virgil sang the radiance of the seasons, the tenderness of Italian landscapes, the charm of Italian friendships. All of April and the delicate tintings of the wild flowers and the glossy-leafed orchards and his own deep love of home and his tranquil memories and his longing for peace in a troubled world and the melancholy beauty of love —all these things went into the Eclogues. They were different from the Greek pastorals (aside from language)—using the beauty of the earth only as an introduction to a romantic understanding of the larger life beyond the glades and meadows. And with what exquisitely chosen phrases, with what fullness and rhythm and force the new poet sang! Rhyme Virgil never used, and his meter was different from ours, but something of the color and spirit and tenderness of his verse may come in these lines about an aged shepherd:

Happy old man! So will your land be yours and enough
Though the marsh streak the pastures with slime and flinty stuff
Be everywhere. Still no alien fodder will touch your little
Tottering ewes, and no contagion. Oh, happy, here the brittle
Hedge whose willow-blossoms browsed by Hybla's bees
Will whisper you to sleep; there the sweet mysteries
Of water, the streams you know so well, the sacred springs;
From here, under that tall stone's curve, the dresser sings
Out into the air—while your hoarse wood-pigeons and white doves
Will go on murmuring the inconsolable alto of their loves.

The Eclogues were soon the rage in Rome. They were sung in the theaters, according to an Alexandrian fashion then in vogue, and were thus the unprinted "best sellers" of the day. Horace, congratulating his friend, said that the muses had granted him tenderness and refined wit. Sweet indeed was the pastoral pipe Virgil blew upon, and its music charmed the heart.

The years that followed the Eclogues were devoted to reading, traveling, observing, and brooding. Virgil had become more and more sober—even more sad. Rome was full of suspicion, plots, and selfishness. Though the Eclogues had scored big hits, and though Mæcenas wanted to keep him at Rome and gave him a villa in his own gardens on the Esquiline Hill, the city was not for him. It appealed to his imagination, but only because he thought of an older and more shadowy Rome—the

city of heroes. And in order to dream of that, he went back to his own garden villa near Naples.

When the Georgics, his next poems, were finished, there was more in them than the lyrical celebration of labour in the fields. There was more even than the intoxication of April, the brotherhood of plants, animals, and men. Virgil's heavy heart, his fears for the future of his city, also went into the Georgics. Few pictures convey the feeling of horror and passion which convulsed Italy at the assassination of Julius Cæsar as indelibly as that silhouetted in bitter black at the close of the first Georgic. All nature mourns: the sun hides his golden head in a veil of darkness.

But everything was a prelude to Virgil's greatest work—a work for which he had been preparing himself these many years. It had been his earliest ambition to compose an heroic poem on the traditions and the glories of the Roman people. Taking the epics of Homer as a model, using even some of Homer's scenes and characters, he wished to sing of the birth and future of Rome. The Emperor Augustus had repeatedly urged him to the task. Once, when absent on a campaign, he wrote Virgil a half-playful, half-threatening letter demanding the first draft, or if not that, then any single passage of this poem about Æneas, the founder of Rome. And the poet would reply to his imperial patron, imploring time, time, more time to mold his ideas into perfect form—and, in the same breath, lamenting the hugeness and great range of them and expressing an abrupt desire to burn the book.

We can sympathize with both the Emperor and his poet—especially with the poet. For Virgil had in mind a magnificent, a tremendous thing. He wanted to sing of the age of heroes, but make what he wrote stir the blood of living men. The story was to be of Æneas, but of later Rome, too, and it was to tell also the very meaning of life.

Partly, this was to be done by making the olden hero suggest the hero Virgil knew himself. Virgil had never forgotten a certain holiday in September, 46 B.C., when Julius Cæsar celebrated his four triumphs—over Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Africa. Such plunder, gold, chariots, captives, men had never seen. The gorgeous athletic games Virgil had remembered and put into the fifth book of the Æneid. And there was that marvelous moment when Cæsar dedicated the Temple of Venus Genetrix, Venus the Birth-Giver. By doing this he seemed to say, "I am descended from the goddess." Then, soon after, he had put a statue of himself among the gods on the Capitoline Hill. To young Virgil this purple pomp and daring ceremony had been an inspiration. Perhaps the plot of the Æneid flashed vaguely but blindingly into his mind and soul as Cæsar's golden chariot swept through the clouds of flowers and trumpet blasts.

So Cæsar is sometimes Æneas. When the Trojan lingers at Carthage making love to Dido, it is hard not to believe that Virgil remembers how the great Julius stayed in Egypt in 47 B.C., flirting with the bewitching young Cleopatra, instead of coming back to Rome and his great work there. And young Octavius peers through the disguise of little Ascanius, while he appears later in Æneas's vision of the future as the great emperor who should bring peace and a golden age to the world. And through all this glorification of Rome and Rome's Cæsar and his successor, the ruler of the earth, ran a-telling of what man's place and use and hopes in life should be.

Yes, it was a tremendous and difficult poem, and as it stands now, wanting much that Virgil wished to do to it, it lacks harmony. The third book seems to have been written before the first. There are things in some parts of the poem that do not fit with things in other parts of it. Virgil, dying after a sea voyage he vainly took in search of health, begged his friends

to destroy the poem. They were gloriously wise and did not, but we can see that it was not finished, and how Virgil, the perfect artist, writhed at the thought that any one might read his great dream before it was written true.

But how great a dream it is even as we have it! Nobody tells better the delight there is in discovering Virgil for the first time than George Moore, a living Irish writer, in his *Héloïse and Abelard*. In limpid prose he relates how in the Middle Ages the young, lovely Héloïse, spending a vacation from her convent in the house of her uncle, a learned and devout man, is by him brought to the beauty of the Mantuan. Her uncle had put his books away, for he expected his niece to be a mere frivolous girl. When he found she knew Latin he was delighted, and told her of Virgil.

"Never to have read Virgil. O Héloïse, what joy awaits thee! Eclogues! Æneid! Georgics! At which end wilt thou begin? With the story of Dido, doubtless."

Then he went out of the room, leaving her alone with the great poet. (For lack of space we have to omit here what Héloïse read and her thoughts about it.)

We can turn, as Héloïse may have done often, to the tenderly toned Eclogues, dew-washed, as fresh today as a spring morning hundreds and hundreds of years ago:

You, Tityrus, piping under the covert of the shadowing beech
Upon your thin pipe study the woodland speech;
While we exiles are quitting our country's borders, the lilies
Of our love, you, Tityrus, in cool repose can teach
Tree and rock the charms of your Amaryllis.

Like Héloïse, we can find ourselves recollecting verses out of Virgil's Georgics as we contemplate the pageant of summer:

What makes a cornfield shine;
What star favors the furrow,
The wedlock of elm and vine;
The oxen and the kine,
Their care and breek; how borrow
For all the frugal, fine
Commonwealth of bees
From our rich lore—of these
I build the singing line.

These Georgics Virgil wrote as a protest against the luxury and greed and vice that he saw growing on Rome, and as a call

for men to forget the terrible wars they had endured, and rebuild suffering Italy. It was his intent, proudly and lyrically, to teach the nobility of labor in the fields, to show the strength that could be derived from closeness to nature and the bliss which living near to the soil gave to the soul. He wished to contrast the simplicity, safety, and sanity of such a life with the luxury and sickness of the world. He wished to link up the ideal of a lifetime of rough labor with the splendors of Italy and the grandeurs of Rome. We thrill to his purpose and his poem still.

Virgil can come to us in an even richer way, if we go out to him. He can mix in our lives and become part of what we feel and remember. He can be something to call upon when we need examples of courage to sustain us against sorrow. He can help us when we are threatened, when we are defeated. He can give us examples of the comradeship and love that can be between father and son who have known great grief together and the loss of those whom they cherished and much treasured. He can show the examples of the men who follow a leader through sadness and treacheries and disputes over desperate seas and in hostile lands. He can tell us how a man can obey, as Æneas did, a great divine will that calls him away from pleasures though the heart mutiny and red lips and white hands plead with him to stay longer and eat of the drowsy lotos and forget again.

Let us hear Virgil speak in his fashion. Here is a call for you when your courage is low or gone—these ringing words of Æneas to his exhausted men after a savage storm:

Comrades! for comrades we are, no strangers to hardships already;
Hearts that have felt deeper wounds! Of these too Heaven will heal us!
Why, men, you have even looked on Scylla in her delirium!
Heard those rock-rousing yells and tested the crags of the Cyclops!
Come, call your spirits back, and banish your dark forebodings—
Who knows but some day this we shall also remember with gladness.

THE FATHER OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Arthur Bowie Chrisman

AT the sign of the Bible and Sun, in Saint Paul's Churchyard, John Newbery sold drugs and books . . . and let no one whisper "Synonomous." Chances are he engaged in two businesses, not so much for the extra profit (or loss), as to keep himself up to a reputation. He was always in a dash. "Often he seemed to have come merely to say he must go." Samuel Johnson gave him the name *Jack Whirler*, and that's description enough. Johnson also gave him opportunity to lend money every now and then.

Frequently the busy little Newbery made of books a vehicle for advancing his thirty and more famous remedies; among them "The German Doctor's Diet-Drink," "Mr. Greenough's Tincture," and "Ditto for the Tooth-*Ach*," but favorite of all, "Doctor James's Powders, for Fever, the Small-Pox, Measles, Colds, &c." It was nothing rare to find in a Newbery book some such gentle hint as this: "Farmer Dobbs was an ill man. He rested his face in his hands and groaned. But suddenly he remembered the cupboard, and therein a flask of The Balsam of Health, or (as it is by some called) The Balsam of Life. He arose and drank, and a few moments later, in all his old-time boldence, confronted the grinding landlord."

"New Year's Eve or Hints for the Improvement of Social Hours." Printed for Darton, Harvey & Darton, Grace Church, 1814.

Now that isn't an actual quotation—for the nice reason that Newbery books are hard to find. It was set down by a modern hand, and is not half so telling as the keen-thoughted bookseller might have written it. However, an ancient copy of "Goody

Two Shoes" is available, so an exact, though saddening, quotation may be given. "Care and Discontent shortened the days of Little Margery's Father. He was forced from his family and seized with a violent Fever in a place where Doctor James's Powder was not to be had and where he died miserably."

Oddly enough, it was thought the future would applaud Newbery, not for books, but for medicines—his "Sagacity . . . and Skill that introduced the most Powerful Discovery in the annals of Medicine." Doctor James's Powders. Horace Walpole took them for everything—writing in good earnest: "I have such faith in these powders, that I believe I should take them if the house were on fire."

An "elegant and appropriate engraving" from "The Rose's Breakfast." Printed for J. Harris, successor to E. Newbery, 1808.

The venturesome Newbery came of a notion to bring out a new journal. And, since his few books for children had sold so well, he would publish them by the dozens. Howbeit, there were difficulties. It was a real trouble to find stories worth the ink. In that strange day authors composed even less than half the population. Few men were willing to starve with quill in hand when they could take to the road and pistol a good living from stage-coaches. Furthermore, this was a time of great antagonisms, when the average scribbler wrote merely to make public his intense hatred of another. They had carried their bickerings well beyond the point where children could take any joy from them. New blood was needed. Wherefore, Newbery set to discovery. Some months previously he had printed a few short dissertations by an unknown, a man he had never seen. Coffee house gossip said this person might be found near Breakneck Stairs. So pretty soon a cane went briskly tapping into the London low place.

Newbery climbed to the inevitable garret and discovered his quarry—tatterdemalion (is that right?), young and Irish—of over-large brow and under-small chin, but with plenty of en-

thusiasm . . . and a flute. Many manuscripts, scorned by editors, littered a bench. Newbery took seat upon the only other *piece* of furniture, a chair. He inspected a script and decided to go the risk of publication. In the matter of pay, there was great liberality, for the bookman was widely known as Honest John. As for the writer's name, it was crossed out. And not only from that manuscript, but from any others, including the "Vicar of Wakefield." So that makes an end to mystery . . . the writer was Oliver Goldsmith.

Newbery had glimpsed a few of Noll's associates—bottle-boys all. He made another visit to Breakneck Stairs, paid the many debts which Goldsmith had piled up, and led him to a house within the bounds of civilization. It chanced to be the home of Newbery's cousin. A sly move, that. The cousin could keep an eye on Goldsmith and report when he was idle too long, or entertaining obliquitous companions. In return for this service Newbery undertook to pay for his writer's board and lodging. But just the same, Master Noll continued faithfully to ask for money. And Newbery, strange man, kept open purse. But for the bookseller, it is certain Goldsmith would have starved to death unsung.

John Newbery must always have his bit of fun. He wouldn't dream of taking pay for books . . . they were free, but he made a small charge for the bindings. Usually a penny. Really, he charged too little—when thought is had of his illustrations. Consider a letter from the printer (written by Newbery to himself): "Pray tell Mr. Angelo to brush up the Cuts, that in the next Edition they may give us a good Impression." These were the *elegant engravings* made for "Goody Two Shoes" by Michael Angelo—no less. One seems to remember that Michael Angelo was at his best some centuries aforetime. But no matter, the illustrations are treasurable (even when most atrocious), and it was ill of Leigh Hunt to remark upon "certain little penny books, radiant with gold and rich with bad pictures."

The mind will dwell on Newbery's medicines, and his contract with Robert Raikes. By this contract Newbery was to manufacture and sell Bateman's Drops (of which Raikes owned the patent), and . . . "each shall account to the other . . . and profits shall be divided between them share and share alike."

Robert Raikes was none other than the *Father of Sunday Schools*. Each Sunday he and his assistants gathered the poorer children of Gloucester into "pleasant rooms with pictures" and read stories, and gave them cookies—all day long. One likes to think that Newbery's good salesmanship had something to do in providing money for development of the Sunday School. Furthermore, it is entirely reasonable to suppose that "little gilt books" formed the chief reading in those early classes.

The first markable Goldsmith Pieces in Newbery's journal were Chinese yarns (though Noll, the scamp, had never been to China), later put into a book, "The Citizen of the World." "Goody Two Shoes" was to come later. Books simply poured from Saint Paul's Churchyard. "The History of Giles Gingerbread." "Pretty Poems for Children 3 Foot High." "Tom Thumb's Folio." "Tom Trip's History of Birds and Beasts." Newbery loved the juveniles. Half a hundred and more he printed. Now this was a new thing, and deserving of praise. There's little danger in saying John Newbery was a pioneer. He was the first to make a real business—and an art—of books for children.

Why not say this in a summation of good done by the little bookseller? He befriended Samuel Johnson. He aided Robert Raikes and the Sunday School. He published the first religious magazine (*The Christian Magazine*). He discovered, and made, Oliver Goldsmith. And—he was the Father of Books for Children.

From "The Master Cat" or "Puss-in-Boots."
Printed and sold by R. Dutton, Grace Church St., 1808.

The illustrations in this article are from a collection of Chap Books made by a member of the Bewick Society and now owned by The Bookshop for Boys and Girls. The Bookshop will sell this collection as a whole and will be glad to send a list to any one specially interested.

PETER RABBIT AND HIS HOMELANDS

May 20. 27

Sawrey
nr Ambleside

Dear Miss Bertha Maloney.

Some months ago the Horn book contained a paragraph relating how the writer and illustrator of the "Peter Rabbit" books lived in the district of the Westmorland Lakes in the north of England.

Peter Rabbit is not begging for himself – and he offers something.

"Beatrix Potter" has very much at heart an appeal to raise a fund to save a strip of foreshore woodland and meadow, near Windermere ferry, from imminent risk of disfigurement by extensive building & town extension.

So many nice kind Americans come through the Lake district on their tour, some of them ask after Peter Rabbit. Do you think any of them would give a guinea (or £1.1.0) to help this fund, in return for an autographed drawing?

Alas! so many of our heirlooms – our pictures, our ancient books even our old timbered houses – are crossing the Atlantic – could not American friends help to save a bit of our scenery?

It is only half-a-mile of Lake frontage; but it is right in the middle of Windermere, and it is near my home

Yrs. Sincerely "Beatrix Potter"

EVERYBODY in America knows Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny and the name of their author, Beatrix Potter. Many Americans know and love the country of Peter and Benjamin, which is the beautiful Lake Region of England. "Beatrix Potter" and her husband have been active on the Committee working to save the woodland and Lake frontage which Peter Rabbit's letter describes, and they have contributed to the Fund. It is because of a desire to make an additional contribution that Beatrix Potter offers fifty signed drawings for sale at $5.00 each, the entire proceeds to go toward the Fund.

The Committee working toward the purchase of this area write in their circular as follows:

"If this appeal is successful, it is proposed to give to the Urban District Council, for playing fields, thirteen acres of land adjoining their present Public Park. The Council have agreed to certain reasonable building restrictions and have undertaken to complete the present unfinished road, which will then reënter the highway at Ferney Green Cottages on the outskirts of Bowness.

"Viewed from the lake, Cockshott Point and wood hold the center of a landscape which ought to be protected from disfigurement for ever."

A letter dated June 27 reports that the Prince of Wales will visit the Rectory Fields in question on Friday, July 1, and will receive the deeds of the property, passing them on to the officers of the Fund. There still remains £800 to be raised, and it is possible that His Royal Highness's visit and the ceremony connected with the deeds may give the impression that the land is already paid for.

The Bookshop is proud to act as agent for the twofold privilege—a share in protecting and safeguarding for ever a very beautiful strip of Lakeland country, and ownership of an original drawing signed by Beatrix Potter.

B. E. M.

Beatrix Potter

"Peter found a door in the wall but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath."

SING A SONG OF BOOKS!

By Nancy Byrd Turner

A book is like a magic box—
  Brimful of lovely treasure;
One quaint, old-fashioned key unlocks
  Good gifts in generous measure:
Gay songs, and words like jewels old,
  Tales carved from ancient times,
And shining legends set in gold,
  And chains of silver rhymes.

A book is like a white-sailed ship
  Across bright waters bearing
On many a blithe and jaunty trip
  Of pleasure, search, or daring—
To lands of flower, and lands of snow,
  Bright shore and lonely bay,
To strange old quays of long ago,
  And harbors of today.

A book is like a faithful friend,
  With heart that's always ready;
A comrade faithful to the end,
  Wise, understanding, steady;
Good company at school, at home,
  Gay pal for cozy nooks.
Heigho, for now and years to come,
  Let's sing the praise of books!

RED MAN, BENEFACTOR

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

Author of "Silent Scot: Frontier Scout," "The White Leader" and "Becky Landers"

IF, at this season, we could mount to the realm of the Red Man's Sky-gods, and look down upon our land, we would see field after field flowing in a gold and green rhythm under the summer wind: State linked with State by the gossamer tassels of the corn. And, among those very simple gods, we might naturally chant, in gratitude, the song which Mother Corn sings to her children in the sacred ritual of the Pawnees:

Yonder is the place in the distant West
Whence I have come out of the past to you;
Born of the earth and touched by the deep blue sky,
Now I come to open your pathway here.

The Red Man gave us corn. From him we learned to plant and tend it. One of my favorite historical pictures is a drawing in Volume 3 of "The Pageant of America" (Yale University Press); it shows Squanto teaching the Pilgrims the use of fish as a fertilizer. Because of John Smith and one or two other exploring captains, white men were not unknown to Squanto. He had even sailed to London, where he had sat in seamen's taverns with the best. For days he crouched in the

The war-bonnet was painted by a Cheyenne Indian, Little Buffalo Bull for the Indians' Book, Natalie Curtis, Harper & Brothers. The lettering was done by Angel de Cora.

woods, beyond musket range, waiting for a chance to enter the Plymouth fort and do these frightened people good. His opportunity came at last, but he was not only the bearer of peace. He was a messenger of life. He taught the Pilgrims to plant corn. Good Squanto! He was one of the true Fathers of New England.

Far to the south, the tribesmen of Pocahontas had already taught the English at Jamestown this lesson of life; and also how to make, and protect, gardens of squashes and beans. Perhaps on some day unrecorded in any diary of the time young Pocahontas herself helped at the planting. For this was generally the women's work in the primitive democracies of her race, which so largely conceded woman's equality of intelligence by not denying to her equality of opportunity to use it.

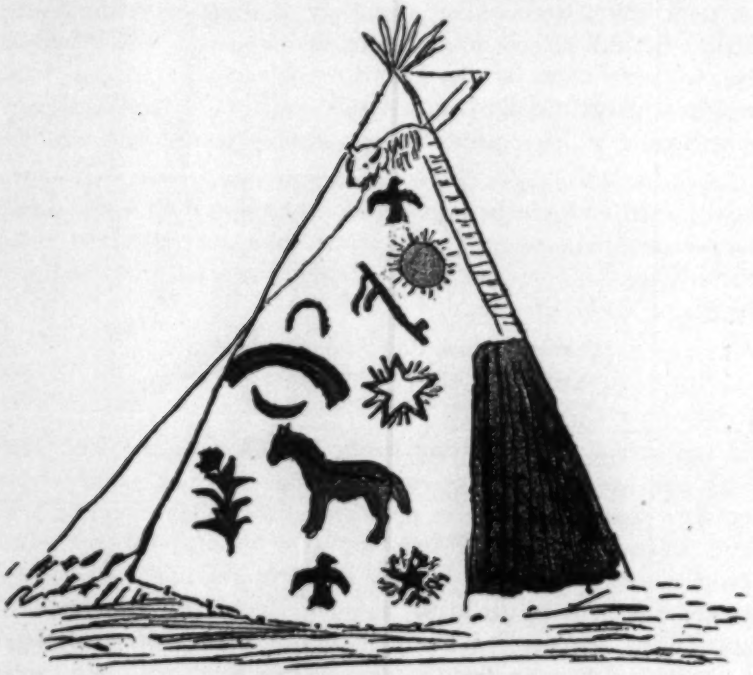
Let us borrow the Sky-gods' vision again, and look down at the vast, wide-meshed network of transportation lines. Long before the days of iron rails and white surveyors, its main threads lay there in the tracery of moccasin prints and the hoof-marks of unshod ponies.

> West-gods, look down upon us!
> Forward we walk, as our fathers walked,
> Down the long ages!

If we except the migrating herds he followed, the Red Man was our first road-maker—as, later, he was our guide—from coast to coast. We ride in pullmans now over his hunting trail and warpath. In a measure we have fulfilled the optimistic prophecy of an ancient Cherokee chief, in greeting a Charleston trader: "You come to make white for peace the red trails of war." But we have paid no honors to America's first explorer and pathfinder, whose epic of heroism lies deep in the dust under our singing rails. The way we go is another of the Red Man's enduring gifts to us.

He contributed tobacco to our marts. He did not contribute the fish and fur trades, but he has always been prominently identified with these branches of our commerce. Naturally so, since he had long done a thriving business in both when we first stepped ashore. He gave us the graceful canoe.

He gave us other gifts, vital to us at the time, which are passing, or have passed, with our changing modes. Among these were the typical frontier garb of fringed deerskin, the jerked meat and pemmican—pemmican is still used in polar exploration—and possibly the log cabin and the adobe house, though neither is built entirely on Indian lines. In fighting him, our forefathers learned his tactics and strategy. There are military historians who claim that these did much to work the change in war methods which followed upon the Revolution.



A PAWNEE TIPI, *drawn by a Pawnee girl*
From the Indians' Book, by Natalie Curtis, Harper & Brothers

Now, as our art and literature take a new stride forward, the Red Man's influence reappears in our society through the new channel. His beautiful geometric designs are beginning to be seen in our textiles. His marvelous gift for grouping many colors in harmony, his sense of order in the treatment of symbols, and, again, his designs, are influencing some of our younger painters. The outstanding example is Langdon Kihn,

who has developed a new technique, through an original combination of materials, in his years among the Blackfeet. More slowly, the Red Man's melodies are creeping into our music. His songs, just as *he* sings them, without other instrumental accompaniment than the drum, have been heard among us recently in the recitals of Juliette Gaulthier de La Verendrye; whose perfect voice and art reveal how exquisite was the music of this continent before the paleface arrived with his military trumpet. There is not space to write here adequately of the Red Man's poetry, with its rhythms "listened" out of Nature, its rich imagery, its reticence and its ruggedness and sincerity. Its influence is already discernible in American letters. It has opened a bountiful source of new beauty.

Good Squanto taught our forefathers to plant; and went to his reward. But his "welcome" rustles yearly through a hundred leagues of corn. Hunters, warriors and guides gave their wisdom to the palefaces, and then winged on their painted eagle feathers beyond the dark; to be seen no more, though their spectral drums still sound in the high, echoing defiles of the Black Hills, and their dancing on the cold sky flashes the Northern Lights, to tell their earth-bound tribesmen that joy reigns among the brave dead. Truly, of some great tribes, only scant remnants are left; and of others, no remnants at all. They passed—bronze Riders to the Sunset. Let the census-taker argue what he will from that! The sky is a circle, and the riding Braves come round again. It is not seed of maize for the life of the body which they bring now, but ideas of beauty for the life of the soul. As our benefactor, the Red Man does not pass! He is imperishable.

CHIEF FOUR-CLOUDS' WAR SONG*

My strength was as the heavens
When they thunder,
My arrows were like the lightning falling:
Because I am a Cree!
As Cree braves ride, rode I—
Like the winter wind,
Like the wind in a blizzard.
And the white eagle feathers of the Sioux,
The eagle feathers in the Sioux' war bonnets,
Were as snowflakes blown before the wind
In a winter blizzard!
Because I am a Cree!

*Song from Miss Skinner's new book which is to be published this fall, "Roselle of the North." Miss Skinner's second new book for the fall will be "The Tiger Who Walked Alone."

Books Which Tell of the Days of the Red Men

Altsheler HUNTERS OF THE HILLS *Appleton* $1.75

A story of the French and Indian wars. Is followed by

SHADOW OF THE NORTH
RULERS OF THE LAKES
MASTERS OF THE PEAKS
LORDS OF THE WILD
SON OF QUEBEC each 1.75

"If the boys like my books, tell them to read the history behind them—above all to read Parkman; he has been my great inspiration; Parkman has meant more to me than any other writer."

So Mr. Altsheler spoke of himself and his books to Miss Moore of the New York Public Library as she writes in "The Three Owls." Mr. Altsheler should be known and appreciated by teachers. His books make good summer reading.

Bayliss	LOLAMI, THE LITTLE CLIFF-DWELLER	$.50
Cooper	LEATHER STOCKING TALES	2.00
	DEERSLAYER	
	THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS	
	PATHFINDER	
	PIONEERS	
	PRAIRIE	
Curtis	THE INDIANS' BOOK	$7.50

An offering by the American Indians of Indian lore, musical and narrative, to form a record of the songs and legends of their race.—Subtitle.

Drake	INDIAN HISTORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS	3.00
Eastman	INDIAN HEROES AND GREAT CHIEFTAINS	1.75
	INDIAN BOYHOOD	2.50
Gregor	WHITE OTTER (INDIANS OF THE WEST)	1.75
	RUNNING FOX (INDIANS OF THE EAST)	1.75
Grinnell	WHEN BUFFALO RAN	2.00
Hasbrouck	THE BOYS' PARKMAN	1.50
Jenks	CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB THE OJIBWA	.72
McNeill	TONTY OF THE IRON HAND	2.00
Neihardt	SONGS OF INDIAN WARS	1.75
Parkman	OREGON TRAIL	3.00
Schultz	WITH THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES	1.75
	QUEST OF THE FISH DOG SKINS	1.75
	APAUK, CALLER OF BUFFALO	1.75
Smith Boyd	POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH	3.00
Smith	BOYS OF THE BORDER	1.75
Verrill	THE AMERICAN INDIAN North, South and Central America.	3.50
Watson	WITH LA SALLE THE EXPLORER	3.00
Westlake, Inez B.	(Has collected and adapted) AMERICAN INDIAN DESIGNS	17.50

A portfolio containing 36 plates, 16 in color. These plates show 200 designs from Prehistoric Times to Modern, with explanatory text.

SAFE AND SANE CREATIVE ART FOR PENRODS AND SAMS

Schofield & Williams
BIG SHOW
Admission 1 cent or 20 pins
Musuem of Curiosites
Now Going On

"Walk in, lay-deeze, walk right in —pray do not obstruck the passage-way," said Penrod, in a remarkable voice. "Pray be seated; there is room for each and all."

From Tarkington "Penrod" (Doubleday)

ROSE—THE BOY SHOWMAN AND ENTERTAINER

Dutton $2.00

A new book which is full of ideas for producing marionette shows, peep shows and shadow pictures as well as representing living pictures, giants and dwarfs, circus performers and magicians.

* * * *

APROPOS OF THE BULLFROG CROAK

"This sonorous accomplishment Penrod had determined to make his own. At once guttural and resonant, impudent yet plaintive, with a barbaric twang like the plucked string of a Congo war-fiddle, the sound had fascinated him. It is made in the throat by processes utterly impossible to describe in human words, and no alphabet as yet produced by civilized man affords the symbols to vocalize it to the ear of imagination. 'Gunk' is the poor makeshift which must be employed to indicate it."

CARRINGTON—THE BOY'S BOOK OF MAGIC 2.00

Hindu magic, coin and handkerchief tricks, side shows and animal tricks, ventriloquism.

* * * *

"There is no boredom (not even an invalid's) comparable to that of a boy who has nothing to do. When a man says he has nothing to do he speaks idly; there is always more than he can do. Grown women never say they have nothing to do, and when girls or little girls say they have nothing to do, they are merely airing an affectation. But when a boy has nothing to do, he has actually nothing at all to do; his state is pathetic, and when he complains of it, his voice is haunting."

BEARD—THE COMPLETE PLAYCRAFT BOOK *Stokes* 2.50

Suggestions for amusement of boys and girls in easy craft work with material to be found in every home.

COLLINS—BOYS' BOOK OF AMUSEMENTS *Appleton* 2.00

Fun with match sticks—Indoor Games, Old and New—Puzzles—Hocus-Pocus Stunts—Easy Scientific Amusements.

PLIMPTON—YOUR WORKSHOP *Macmillan* 1.50

Many suggestions of what to make at a work bench with diagrams to show how to make it.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN MARIONETTES

Marionettes representing characters from folk and fairy tales of all nations—Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, Soldiers and Brigands, Witches and Magicians, Peasants and Children. These marionettes are dressed and wired.

9" size $5.00 15" size $6.00

There are many folk tales the telling of which could be well illustrated by these marionettes. "The Lame Duck," from Valery Carrick's "Picture Tales from the Russian," shows the possibility of this in its pictures.

Here are the Old Peasant and his Wife.

Here is their first glimpse of their mysterious helper.

Here they try to persuade her to stay with them and be their daughter

and this shows their surprise when she flies away as a white duck.

For help in making a stage and the scenery for these marionettes there are

WHANSLAW—EVERYBODY'S THEATRE 2.00

This is very definite in its directions, giving tools to be used and measured drawings for the stage.

SMITH—THE SCENEWRIGHT *Macmillan* 2.50

The making of stage models and settings described in detail. Fine chapters on scene painting and stage furnishings.

If such outlets for creative art as these are provided perhaps there will be no such "gassly" expression of it as Penrod's.

"What are you doing, Penrod?"

"Nothin'."

"You're not disturbing any of Margaret's things, are you?"

"No, Ma'am," said the meek lad.

"What did you jerk that drawer open for?"

"Ma'am?"

"You heard me, Penrod."

"Yes, ma'am. I was just lookin' for sumpthing."

"For what?" Mrs. Schofield asked. "You know that nothing of yours would be in Margaret's room, Penrod, don't you?"

"Ma'am?"

"What was it you wanted?" she asked, rather impatiently.

"I was just lookin' for some pins."

"Very well," she said, and handed him two from the shoulder of her blouse.

"I ought to have more," he said. "I want about forty."

"What for?"

"I just want to make sumpthing, mamma," he said plaintively. "My goodness! Can't I even want to have a few pins without everybody makin' such a fuss about it; you'd think I was doin' a crime!"

And what Penrod made is not to be found in any of the books mentioned here but in "Penrod and Sam," by Booth Tarkington. (*Doubleday* $2.00)

MRS. SMITH AND HER BOOKS

By Lucile Gulliver

IN July, 1927, Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith of Greenfield, Massachusetts, celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday. In that month also Mrs. Smith's publishers reissued in a completely new edition her story for boys and girls called "Jolly Good Times." The book was first published in 1875 and has continued in demand for fifty-two years. Hence its new dress. Such a compliment as this paid to a book for boys and girls would be a feather in the cap of any branch of letters. Which of our present "best sellers" may anticipate so long a life and a rebirth a half century hence?

"Jolly Good Times, or Child Life on a Farm," came about in the beginning naturally as did Mrs. Smith's twenty other books for children. In the first place she liked to write compositions when she was a girl. The nine-year-old heroine, Millie, of "Jolly Good Times," was Mrs. Smith herself, and Millie, the book says, "was quite famous among the children for her fairy stories. As she had an active imagination, and

THE SCENE OF "JOLLY GOOD TIMES"

"Mr. Kendall's house stood on a slight elevation"

was rather romantic in her tastes, the stories never lacked startling incidents and gorgeous details." In addition Mrs. Smith either experienced her stories or grew to womanhood among their historic scenes and traditions. To children who ask her if the Deerfield and Young Puritan stories are true, she answers, "The incidents are true, but I did not hear the conversations."

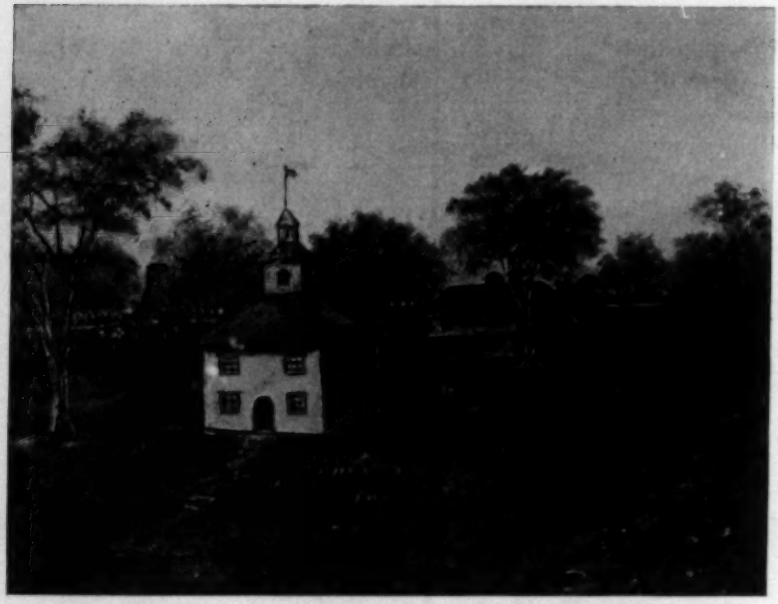
Mary Prudence Wells was born in 1840 in Attica, New York, a region then "out west," of parents descended from the Puritan settlers of Hadley and Hatfield, Massachusetts. When she was nine years old, the family came east to live, establishing themselves on the so-called Kendall Farm in Greenfield Meadows, Massachusetts, the scene of "Jolly Good Times" and "Jolly Good Times at School." With them, but in a trunk, came the rag doll, Eva Isabella. Mary, or Millie, was especially fond of Eva Isabella, although "there was considerable sameness to her expression, and her arms stood out straight on each side."

There in the valley of the Deer and Green Rivers lay the peace of fields and singing waters, of woods and the low Berkshire Mountains, yet the memories of years tragic with French and Indian ravages were so revered that the band of children, gathered in the red schoolhouse of District No. 2, dwelt in the solemn past as well as in the gay day at hand.

"Always remember, Mel," Mrs. Smith's father used to say to her, pointing to the hillside not far from their house, "that the first camp of the captives, taken at Deerfield in 1704, was there on Shelburn Mountain, just this side of the Mohawk Trail."

Excursions to Deerfield and thrilling tales about this or that historic spot or of ancestors who had faced the savages made the year of the great suffering seem a living time. When Millie finally gave her attention to fiction more serious than that concerned with "a beautiful young princess who had 'leven blue cats with green eyes and pink tails," it was natural that these precious scenes and incidents should offer literary material in which her imagination saw both entertainment and a drama of human forces and qualities so moving as to call for preservation for young Americans of other years.

Underlying this imaginative trait, and no doubt influencing all her interests, were a high faith and zeal for good works inherited from a long line of Puritan forbears. The ancestral austerity, however, was never evident in Mrs. Smith—a gay, sweet strength had supplanted it. Even at divine service "Millie smelled of her bunch of lilacs and played games with it in her



DEERFIELD VILLAGE, SHOWING CHURCH, INDIAN HOUSE AND PALISADE

Painted by Mrs. Lucretia Wilson Eels after a pencil sketch made by two Harvard students in 1729

own mind. The big blossoms were big fairies; the little, half-open blossoms and buds, baby fairies. When she pulled one off, then it died, and the rest wept and had a funeral,—a game whose solemnity Millie felt made it perfectly proper for Sunday."

When she became a woman, her humanity and ideals controlled her fancy and led it to serve human needs. Her first out-and-out stand for woman's rights occurred during her service as assistant in the Greenfield Savings Bank—her service was the first rendered by a woman in a savings bank in Massachu-

setts. At the close of her eighth year, she asked for "equal pay for equal work," her salary being less than that of men filling a similar position. Her petition was not granted, although her salary was raised, and she resigned, partly from principle and partly from weariness with the work.

Many and varied less personal causes followed—woman's suffrage, women's clubs to broaden feminine interests and activities in Cincinnati and Greenfield, sanitary and Red Cross work to alleviate the suffering of the Civil and World Wars, the preservation of historic memories and antiques, the furtherance of education, the support of religion and religious influence.

She began to write for the *Springfield Republican* when she was about eighteen. Her first attempt was entitled "Trials of a Tall Young Lady," and signed "P. Thorne." The nom-de-plume had no special significance. "Every one in those days," according to Mrs. Smith, "was using a vegetable synonym."

She awaited publication of this effort in suspense, and when she saw it on an inner sheet, she rushed to her brother, exclaiming, "Tad, my piece is in the paper!"

"It isn't!" he said.

"It *is!*" she replied.

In 1874, "P. Thorne" appeared in the *Christian Union* in connection with a serial for children, and the following year the story was issued in book form as "Jolly Good Times." It received a warm welcome from a society as much in need of good books as our own, if we are to judge by literary critics of the time. "It is decidedly refreshing," wrote a reviewer in the *Saturday Evening Herald* of Chicago, "to get hold of a book designed mainly for children, which is neither didactic, nor sermonic, nor pretentious, nor absurd, nor impossible, nor highly wrought with an over-mature love story."

In that chronicle she wrote her childhood memories clustering in Greenfield Meadows. Her literary career had begun in a back building of the farm. "There is the opening sentence of 'Jolly Good Times,'" she would say, "to prove it: *'Teddy and Millicent were out under the wood house cracking butternuts.'*" So in a sense the book wrote itself, yet it and its successors are more than memories. They are enduring pictures

of a New England which is no more—simple, happy, human documents of little lives and slender happenings, set in a country-side. And the charm of their days and of the story-teller's manner wins each new generation as it comes.

AN OLD INDIAN HOUSE FROM AN OLD DRAWING

When Mary P. Wells became Mrs. Fayette Smith in 1875, she removed her literary ability along with her bridal finery to Cincinnati, where her husband was a lawyer, and there "The Jolly Goods," as she calls them, continued with fresh incentive and material. There were four children on hand to interest, as Judge Smith was a widower, and in time there came Agnes Mary, a fair child of such rare promise that her death when she was fourteen was inexplicable to those of finite vision.

Agnes used to climb up to her father's knee and say, "Now, Papa, please tell me another chapter of your autobiography." Judge Smith could not resist the big words on the little lips, and as the stories went on, Mrs. Smith felt that these tales of a time so different from our own should be preserved. So "Jolly Good Times at Hackmatack" was written, with Warwick, Massa-

chusetts, the home town of the Smiths, the scene of the children's exploits, and with Judge Smith himself as the boy hero, Daniel Strong, whom Grandma "considered almost too smart to grow up."

In 1896 Judge Smith retired, and he and Mrs. Smith were free to return to the New England scene which they loved. They settled in Greenfield, where Mrs. Smith still lives, and there her stories of American history were written—The Young Puritan Series and the Old Deerfield Series—which express indirectly much of her high feeling for the past and sense of duty to the present.

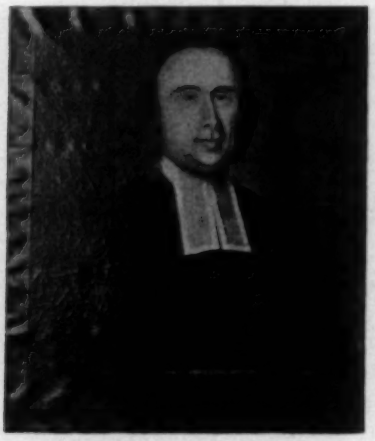
These historical stories are laid in New England in the Colonial times, either just before and during the French and Indian Wars or during the Revolution. They are true and

PARSON JOHN WILLIAMS HOUSE, DEERFIELD
Built for him upon his return from captivity

hence they picture the Indian as "ye barbarous enemy," dealing death with tomahawk and musket and destruction with his blazing torch. They show as well the measures the white man took in war against his brother. Originally it was not the Indian

who was unfriendly to the English settlers, but the Frenchman, longing to control the new continent. He and his enemy, the Englishman, enlisted the Indian's native ability to aid their bloody plans. The white man's hand may have been hidden, but it was the prime actor. And in sharp contrast in these stories are seen man's noblest qualities, ever steadfast and sacrificing for the cause, and in that struggle in America's history the boy and girl fighters played a noble part.

Such a story-teller as Mrs. Smith leads young Americans to appreciate the heroism of the past, and to know that each young life of today, as she says, "has within it the possibility of becoming a story worth the telling," just as did the little boy captive's of Deerfield of two hundred years ago.



REV. STEPHEN WILLIAMS

The Boy Captive as he looked as minister at Longmeadow, Massachusetts

OLD DEERFIELD IN INDIAN TIMES

By Mary P. Wells Smith

MY father was born on the old family farm on Shelburn Mountain, about three miles from Greenfield, and five from Deerfield. In his childhood, a bed was kept in a back chamber for the use of tramps short of money, who traveled about the country, expecting to be hospitably entertained at some farmhouse. One of these occasional guests

MRS. MARY P. WELLS SMITH

was Old Uncle Asa Childs of Deerfield, who would now and then start out for a country ramble, stopping a night or two at the Wells Farm House.

Uncle Asa was one of the old Indian fighters of Deerfield. His arrival was hailed with joy by the boys who gathered about him, begging for Indian stories.

When Uncle Asa was a boy Deerfield was a fort. The center of the village was enclosed by a high palisade. A trench was dug, in which logs were erected, side by side, fastened together by strips of boards nailed on. Two men were on guard every night, walking the enclosure from end to end, meeting each other in the center. Every boy had to take his turn as guardsman when he was sixteen.

Soon after Uncle Asa was sixteen he was notified that he must go on guard. His father said to him, "I will go on guard for you tonight, Asa." But Asa rejected the offer, determined to do his duty like a man.

One night when Asa was on guard he noticed something over against the palisade. He did not like to fire at it, as one of the guards had recently shot a calf and been much ridiculed for so doing. He went on to the north end of the post, when he met his fellow guardsman. Asa asked him if he noticed anything in the south end. The guardsman had not. As Asa paced on southward he found the suspicious object still there. He fired at it, and an Indian leaped up and jumped over the palisade.

One summer evening Asa was calling on a young lady friend. They were sitting without lights. A thunder storm came up. Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning showed an Indian peering in at the window. Indians were always lurking about this frontier settlement.

In one of the Indian attacks a small boy was seized by each arm by two Indians, who ran so fast with their little captive that his feet did not touch the ground. He was held as a captive in Canada over a year. When his uncle went up to redeem him, the boy pretended not to know him or to understand English. He wanted to remain with the Indians and not return to Deerfield. He lived to be an old man, but always maintained to his dying day that the Indian way of life was happiest. Probably in those days of strict Puritanism the free life in the wild woods charmed the boy.

My father told me Asa stories in my childhood. It is interesting to realize that only two lifetimes take us back to the old Indian days.

Deerfield has in the museum of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association a most interesting collection of Indian and other relics, which it will well repay the readers of "The Horn Book" to visit if chance takes them through beautiful and historic Old Deerfield.

OLD INDIAN HOUSE DOOR

"The Indians could not break down the stout door of Ensign John Sheldon's house, built of heavy plank, double thickness. Hacking furiously at it, they managed to cut a hole large enough to admit a musket barrel."

From *"The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield"*

SMOKY, THE COWHORSE

By Arthur Bowie Chrisman

NOT far away as the subway flies there's a library with round tables in it. Every so often the librarians may be seen in a round table review. Notes in hand, they discuss the new books, saying, "This one is good for the Junior Boys," or, perchance, "Merely another book." Now, the present reviewer works tremendously hard . . . striving to avoid work. And he knew of the round table discussions. Hence, when it came to reviewing "Smoky," the latest Newbery Medal winner, a wonderful idea coruscated. Why not, by hook, or its teammate, crook, gain the use of those round table notes? Dab in a few favorite words . . . and there's your review, rearing to go.

WILL JAMES

Alas and alack-a-day, the scheme went to nothing at all. Those library notes can't possibly be used. Because Will James, author-artist-cowboy though he be, is quite a young person, and the praise might go to his head. When Smoky was a little bitty colt the merest moderate amount of praise caused his downfall. Like horse, like master—acclaim in large quantities might easily work to a cowboy's ill. So there's nothing to do but lay the librarians' notes aside and be off on a cold, dispassionate review. Let's see where this "Smoky" book really stands.

The story is easy to follow. A baby black colt finds much difficulty in persuading "them long things" to keep him, head and body, above prairie level. But all in good time he learns to stand, to walk, and to climb big mountains—two feet high. A dangerous *looking* rock teaches him a needed lesson. He learns to shy and kick, and then race back to his mother. Curiosity, the two-faced jade, nearly leads him out of his life. He follows a marvelous stump over the hill, but when the stump

opens a hungry mouth and leaps . . . the colt whirls and sends a kick. His mother comes like so much dynamite let loose, and the stump (in reality a very clever coyote) fancies he'd rather be elsewhere. Adventure is his constant companion. With an inch to spare, he learns what to do when meeting a rattlesnake.

"The black was jerked off his feet, rolled plum over, and he lit head first on the other side."

That comes to quick advantage when wander-love guides him to the rock where sprawls a cougar. His fight with the wolves was well-planned and just a moment sooner than too late. As a smoke-colored four-year-old, he meets Clint, cowboy of parts,

and the parts well shaken. Clint is pleased—the young horse not so much so. Howbeit, Clint's kindness prevails, and Smoky becomes a cowpony . . . and a good one. *Too* good. Old Tom, the ranch owner, decides to add Smoky to his own string. But Clint is the only man who can ride Smoky—and Old Tom proves it.

A half-breed steals the horse, drives him far below the border and attempts to break him properly. Shameful treatment changes Smoky's heart. He goes outlaw and kills the half-breed. Is captured and entered in the rodeos, where he quickly disstraddles all would-be riders. Clint discovers him. At the end we see Smoky in his second colt-hood, a perfect butter-ball, happy as the day is long.

Now then, was Will James really with this book when he wrote it, or did he regard it as a task to be finished willy-nilly on the stroke of the clock? The answer comes readily. It was a pleasure, and it held. Mr. James is mighty fond of Smoky. (So am I.) Not merely because he *says so,* but because he really is. It shows in the writing—where it belongs.

Wherever there's life there's humor. That being the case, it will do to remark that Smoky is fully alive. The fun is never high-pitched—just a quiet, smile-urging type—but it is there. Clint is by way of being a character. His talk runs to the picturesque, but stops safely short of too-breezy dialect.

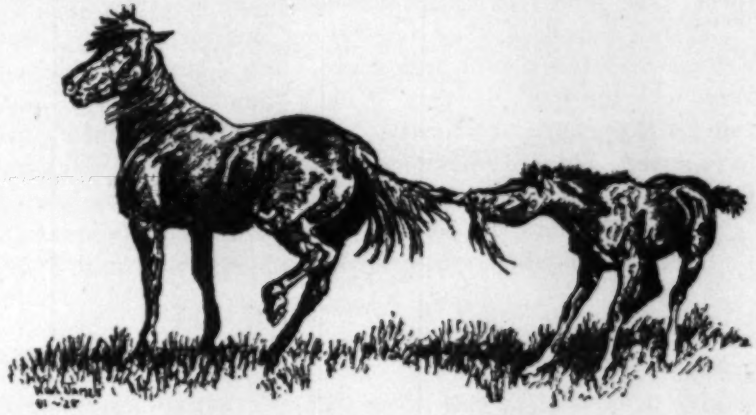
Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait—the rule still holds. In all probability Smoky will cause many readers to weep. No doubt about it, one hates to see that lovable, intelligent fellow so violently mistreated. A hard thing to wait for luck to turn. Now and then it becomes necessary to inspect the last pages, just to make sure that such villainy will not last for always.

The book isn't pied with dull places. When some authorities talk shop, that's the thing that wearies one. Not so with Will James. He knows horses, but he never lets his knowledge run away with him to descriptive tedium. One needn't skip a single page.

As for the illustrations—excellent, distinguished, remarkable, great—take any word you please. Some people say that Mr. James is more aware of what happens in the knees of a bucking horse than any other artist of the times. Certainly

these illustrations are good, and, more to be said, are numerous. They do their part in gaining high rank for Smoky.

To make a quick ending—this book has humor, color, truth, sadness, happiness, excitement, and quite a bit of poetry in disguise. It is different . . . well away from the common or eyes-on-the-movies Western. Smoky—but no smoke of six-guns. Its length is quite satisfactory, and the publishers made commendable choice in paper and print.



"He got strong-headed and full of mischief, and then's when the older horses figgered him to be a regular pest."

I find only two little faults. Why didn't Mr. James let that wicked half-breed be boiled in oil for his sins? And why didn't he let Smoky break at least a dozen absolutely necessary bones belonging to the third wolf? Howbeit, the good points so thoroughly out-weigh the objections as to hurl them out of the scale pan. Smoky is all right. Will James deserves the laurels, and if he, Will, will only keep Smoky away from those laurels (not good for a pony), there'll be no trouble raised.

So much for John Newbery in the flesh. Since his day the books for children have had many ups and downs. With emphasis on the downs. A few years ago the Children's Librarians decided it was time to give writers a needed awakening. They were tired of recommending only the ancient masters. They wanted some new books of a worthwhileness. Hence, their talk was of various schemes for getting the new books written,

and of a suitable way to manifest their approval. Mr. Frederic Melcher suggested that he be permitted to give a medal, which the librarians should award each year to the writer of a new book found deserving.

Mr. Melcher, of course, had heard of Honest John Newbery. Then, too, he had rambled in Saint Paul's Churchyard, where the brisky little bookseller once played his good part. And so, when he came to think of a name for the medal—a name stood forth. The John Newbery Medal became an actuality.

There's a dust cloud on the horizon, and no wonder. That well-matched team, Will James and Smoky, has just galloped West with the 1926 Newbery Medal. "Smoky" is a fine book, and I'd like to give it a review, but better machines than mine have already discussed it thoroughly. All I can do is offer my best congratulations . . . and a warning.

You, Mr. James, are to have a strenuous, beautiful year.

"Smoky" will shortly be available in a new edition at $1.00.

THREE IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

BROOKS — TO AND AGAIN — *Knopf* $2.00

How the animals on Mr. Bean's farm had a winter of adventure tripping to Florida. Conducted by Charles the rooster, with Freddy the pig the minstrel, amusing is the journey. They meet the Grandfather of all the Alligators, and are fooled by him the same way Balboa was centuries ago. They return home with a big surprise for Farmer Bean.

CROWNFIELD — ALISON BLAIR — *Dutton* $2.00

Alison Blair lived in stirring times. She comes to America on the eve of the French and Indian War. She is received in hostile fashion by her uncle in the Mohawk Valley but wins her way through her friendship with General William Johnson. Adventure and mystery form the plot and the story is one sure to interest older girls.

SNEDEKER — DOWNRIGHT DENCEY — *Doubleday* $2.00

A story of a Quaker girl of Nantucket one hundred years ago. Dencey Coffyn is full of spirit and the story of how she succeeds in befriending a lonely boy will interest many a girl today. The quaintness of the island life adds unusual charm, and Mrs. Snedeker has, as always, made her people real.

SOME FAIRY POEMS

COMPILED BY ANNE EATON

ANTHOLOGIES OF FAIRY POETRY

"With hazel wand and singing"

Old Song.

SONGS OF FAIRYLAND, compiled by Edward T. Mason. *Putnam.* o.p.

THE MAGIC CASEMENT; AN ANTHOLOGY OF FAIRY POETRY, both up in latest volume, selected and arranged by Alfred Noyes. *Dutton.* o.p.

THE BOOK OF FAIRY POETRY, Dora Owen. *Longmans,* $5.00.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRIES

"Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down."
Robin Goodfellow in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

QUEEN MAB IN "ROMEO AND JULIET"

ARIEL'S SONGS IN "THE TEMPEST"

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

LIFE AT THE FAIRY COURT

NYMPHIDIA, by Michael Drayton (in The Magic Casement)

THE CULPRIT FAY, by Joseph Rodman Drake (in Songs of Fairyland. *Putnam,* $1.00)

PRINCE BRIGHTKIN, by William Allingham (in Songs of Fairyland)

FAIRIES OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

"For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew."

James Hogg.

THE FAIRIES (UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN), by William Allingham (in Stevenson. Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. *Holt*, $3.00).

THE LEPRACAUN, by William Allingham (in Yeats. Irish Fairy and Folk Tales. Med. Lib., $.95).

THE STOLEN CHILD, by William Butler Yeats (in Yeats. Irish Fairy and Folk Tales).

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE, by William Butler Yeats. A fairy play of May Eve.

THE FAIRY THORN, by Samuel Ferguson (in De La Mare. Come Hither. *Knopf*, $5.00).

THE FAIRY WELL OF LAGNANAY, by Samuel Ferguson (in Yeats. Irish Fairy and Folk Tales).

KILMENY, by James Hogg (in Grahame. Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children. *Putnam*, $1.75).

THE SHADOW PEOPLE, by Frances Ledwidge (in Untermeyer. This Singing World. *Harcourt*, $3.00).

THE FAIRY LOUGH, by Moira O'Neill (in her Songs of the Glens of Antrim. *Macmillan*, $1.50).

BEREFT, by Ethna Carberry (in her Four Winds of Eirinn). o.p.

THE FAIRY RAIDERS, by Elizabeth McKinstry (in her Puck in Pasture. *Doubleday*, $2.00).

THE HILLS OF RUEL, by Fiona Macleod (in The Magic Casement).

THOMAS THE RHYMER—Old Ballad (in De La Mare. Come Hither—called "The Queen of Elfland").

ALICE BRAND, by Walter Scott.

THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL, by Walter Scott.
A play in which the goblins Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy are characters.

UNDER THE SEA

"Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep;
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream."
Matthew Arnold in "The Forsaken Merman."

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN, by Matthew Arnold (in The Magic Casement).

THE KELPIE OF CORRIEVRECKAN, by Charles Mackay (in Songs of Fairyland).

THE MERMAN, by Tennyson.

THE MERMAID, by Tennyson.

THE MOON-CHILD, by Fiona Macleod (in The Magic Casement).

"Morning and evening
Maids hear the goblins cry
Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy."
Christina Rossetti in "The Goblin Market."

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW, by Mary Howitt (in Stevenson. Home Book of Verse for Young Folks).

THE GOBLIN MARKET, by Christina Rossetti (in Olcott. Story-Telling Poems. *Houghton*, $2.00).

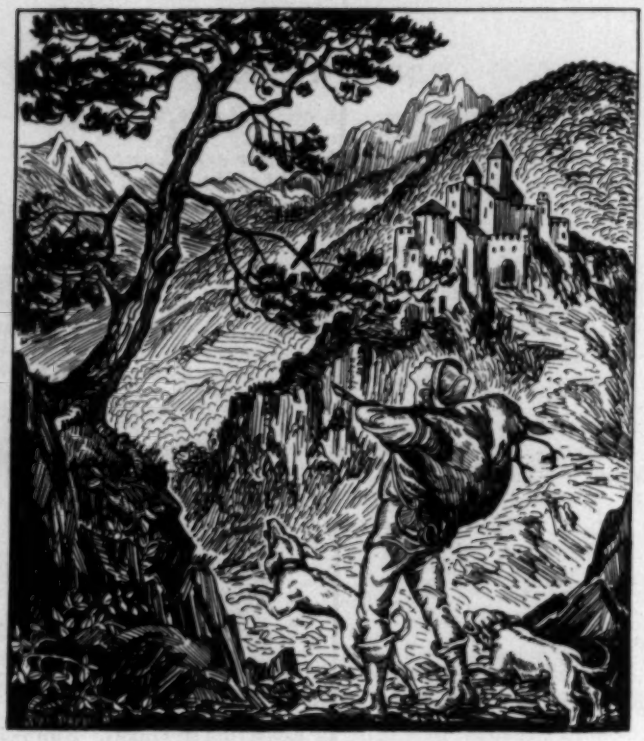
THE TRUANTS, by Walter De La Mare (in Down-aDown-Derry. *Holt*, $3.00).

SUPPOSE, by Walter De La Mare (in his Down-aDown-Derry).

DOWN-ADOWN-DERRY, by Walter De La Mare (in his Down-aDown-Derry).

THE FAIRIES, by Rose Fyleman (in her Fairies and Chimneys. *Doran*, $1.25).

Cuts from "The Tempest," illustrated by Arthur Rackham
Doubleday, Page & Co.

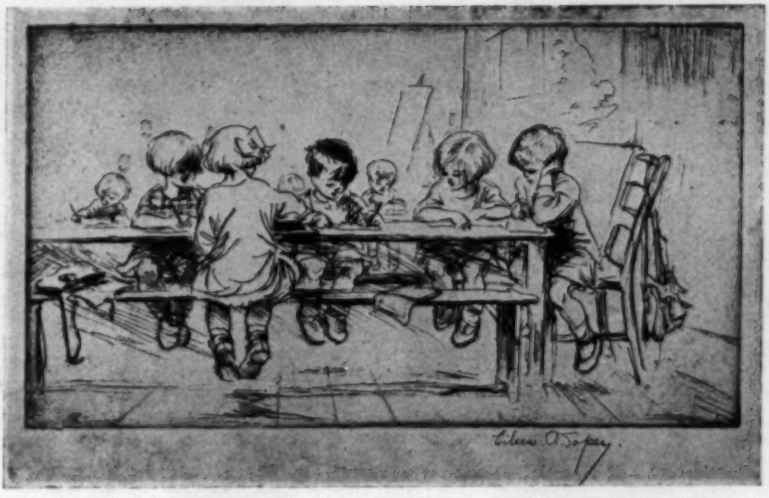


THE PALE MOUNTAINS

FOLK TALES FROM THE DOLOMITES, by Carl Felix Wolff. Translated by Francesca La Monte.
Minton Balch $2.50

Legends of the Dolomites which are fairy tales steeped in the beauty of the landscape and the history of an almost forgotten people, the Ladini. The unusual illustrations are the work of Anne Merriman Peck. Mr. Wolff has lived most of his life in the Dolomites and has written chiefly about the Dolomite region: its scenery, its original inhabitants, and its folklore. The creative enthusiasm of author, translator, illustrator, and publishers has given us this book of unusual character and picturesqueness.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST
TO
SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS



HISTORY REFERENCE COUNCIL

By Katherine Taylor and Anne Thorpe

I. The Study of a Mediaeval Town

A double column list on the Seventh Grade room blackboard read in part like this:

Modern City	*Mediæval City*
R. R. Station or Docks	Docks
Warehouses	Warehouses
Factories	?
Retail Stores	?
Churches	Churches
Theaters	?
Schools	?
Post Office	?
Hospitals	, etc., etc.

The class broke up into individuals and twos and threes to try to find the answers to these questions. As the History Research Council was providing material on Toulouse as a typical mediæval city, they tried to find their answers there also as far as possible.

Here the large early map of Toulouse photostatically reproduced and sent by the Council to the member schools was a great boon. They identified on this map the features of a mediæval city corresponding or contrasting with those in their modern city list, such as the University buildings, the hospital for pilgrims, the fish market. They also found many special features of a mediæval town that they wanted to learn more about, such as the Castle of the Counts of Toulouse, the Cathedral, the merry-go-round outside the walls, indicating where fairs were held.

As individual reports began to come in, the subject widened and many new questions arose. Each child made a free-hand copy of the map and began entering upon it his special findings —the location of the great bell of St. Etienne was found when a description of its christening was read. The discovery of the rue des Filatiers and the dyehouses near the river, where water

was easily available, enlivened the report on the dyeing and weaving processes. The children read Bulletins No. 23 on a mediæval fair, No. 34 on a fifteenth century school, and No. 38 on cathedral building, and they studied the large photographs of St. Sernin and of old houses in Toulouse. Two other bulletins printed for teachers' use, summarizing the history of Toulouse and pointing out its special contribution to the development of France, were of great help in planning the class work.

While they were studying Toulouse, the class, with the help of books loaned by the New Room of the Bookshop, read some of the Troubadour Songs of Languedoc, learned something of the troubadours and of the mediæval tournaments of poetry. In the Studio, part of their drawing time was given over to history illustrations. The "weavers" used for a decoration the emblems of their trade and the picture of their patron saint. The children who had looked up fairs illustrated the story given in Bulletin No. 23. The theater group made a model of a stage setting, with all the scenes for the miracle play, "Le Tombeur de Notre Dame" (Our Lady's Tumbler), which had been arranged from the twelfth century legend, and which these same children were then rehearsing in their French class, and which they later gave for the school. Others interested in old maps made a large, simplified copy of one of the Beatus maps of Europe, showing Paradise in Persia, and the amazing Skiapods, who take shelter from the tropical sun in the shade of their single foot.

The choice of Toulouse rather than just any mediæval city was made in order to use the History Reference material. It was a happy choice, for the published material, the maps and pictures, and the secretary's very helpful suggestions all along the way, made the whole study much more concrete and original and significant than it otherwise would have been.

One of the most successful bulletins gave quotations from the early entrance requirements and courses of study at Harvard College. One class discussed the curriculum. The absence of scientific study led to their asking for information on the position of science at that time. The Council gave us material on witchcraft, miracle, science, from which arose an awakening apprehension on the part of the children, of several important

notions; how man will live by superstition and falsehood, believing it to be fact; how the growth of knowledge alters the set of facts by which we live; for what a long time men accept miraculous interpretations of phenomena instead of ferreting out the true explanations; the meaning and value of scientific method.

A teacher's constant wish is for more time and capacity for research. The History Reference Council gives her, in the research worker, another mind with whom to consult, another person to do the hunting; some one from whom she learns of hitherto unknown material; the Council supplies, in fact, what a teacher so longs for, an extension of her own time and powers.

II. Plans for 1927-1928

This year's work of the History Reference Council has led to certain new developments in the plan for 1927-1928. The mediæval period of history has been expanded to include the years 900-1600. France and England are the two countries to be studied, with special emphasis on their interrelations, on the church and state, and in England on biography and on the musical material of the later years of the period. In this last subject Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette of the Concord Music School is collaborating, suggesting historical music for bulletin publication. In addition to the mediæval period, work will be continued on the Colonial period in America.

Fifteen schools have joined the Council for next year, a number of them, as they are at a distance from Boston, joining on the corresponding membership basis for a fee of $50. For the Boston schools on coöperating membership the Round Table discussions for teachers will be continued, and a teacher's committee has been formed to aid in the search for material and to help plan the bulletins. The Bookshop is continuing its collaboration with the Council through the New Room, through its shipping service, and through the membership of Miss Elinor Whitney in the Teachers' Committee and Miss Mahony on the Council.

The correspondence with the Council for 1927-1928 should be addressed to its Secretary, Mr. Henry Copley Greene, 14 Kirkland Place, Cambridge, Mass.